

"Part Time Mutha" lyrics

## 2Pac Lyrics

"Part Time Mutha"  
(feat. Angelique)

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*

She's a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*

Meet Cindi

She's twenty-two, lives right on the dope track  
Used to be fat now weighs less than a Tic Tac  
Now what's that say about this big epidemic  
This hypocritical world and the people in it  
Now speakin' of, in it Cindi loved to get buckwild  
Fuck with a smile single file she'll bust enough styles  
That would be cool, if she was your lover  
But fuck that, Cindi was my dope fiend mother  
Welfare checks never stepped through the front door  
Cause moms would run to the dopeman once more  
All those days, had me fiendin' for a hot meal  
Now I'm a crook; got steel, I do not feel  
So don't even trip, when I flip with my thirty-eight  
Revenge is a bitch and my hit shake the murder rate  
Word to the mother, I'm touched  
When moms come by, niggas hush or get rushed  
Maybe one day she'll recover  
But what will it take, to shake, or break  
My part time mutha

I gotta live with a part time

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*

She's a part time mutha

*[Angelique:]*

I grew up in a home where no-one liked me  
Moms would hit the pipe, every night, she would fight me  
Poppa was a nasty old man, like the rest  
He's feelin' on my chest, with his hand in my dress  
Just another pest and yes I was nervous  
Was this a test? I just don't deserve this  
I wanna tell mom, but would she listen  
She's bound to be bitchin' if she hasn't got a fix in, so  
Now I lay me down to sleep, Lord don't let him rape me  
If he does my soul to keep, don't let the devil take me  
Can't concentrate I contemplate in my classroom  
Thinkin' how my step dad raped me in the bathroom  
Every day I make class and yet I'm missin' periods  
The thought of pregnancy is in my head and now I'm fearin' it  
I gotta tell mom before she sees me

I told her how he treated me and she didn't believe me  
Callin' me a slut cause my butt's kinda big so  
Still that ain't no way to be talkin' to your kids though  
I can't believe the way he caught her  
Got her believin' him and dissin' her own daughter  
Time for me to break and find another  
That's when I discovered  
The ways of the days of a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*  
I gotta live with a part time

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*  
She's a part time mutha

*[2Pac:]*  
I rush to tend her, talked as I touch her  
She blushed, the clothes came off and I bust her  
I'm up now, ready to get drunk on the block  
Here, take a cab, thanks a lot for the cock  
She's gone and I'm thinkin' that my game's so strong  
Pat myself on the back and move on  
Is this just how it is hell no  
Cause she came back with the kid and yo  
I been payin' ever since  
The clothes the food the cars and, oh, the rent  
All of my time gets spent at the workplace  
No time to kiss her got me this in the first place  
So, I do the dishes and clean the floor  
When I sleep I can't dream no more  
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha  
And I change the diapers and clean the shit  
The tables are turned I can't take this  
Oh no, now I'm a part time mutha

*[scratched w/ minor variations — 2Pac & Poppi:]*  
She's a part time mutha

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